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LIFE WORTH LIVING!

Life? and worth living?
Yes, with each part of us—
Hurt of us, help of us, hope of us,
heart of us,
Life is worth living.
Ah! with the whole of us,
Will of us, brain of us,
senses and soul of us.

Corinne R. Robinson.

Pacific School of Religion
Berkeley, Calif.

THE PACIFIC

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A SENSIBLE CHURCH DISREGARDS THE MINISTERIAL DEAD-LINE AND SECURES A POPULAR PREACHER.

When the First Congregational Church of Washington, D. C., was looking for a pastor recently it didn't draw the line at forty-five; nor at fifty either. It called a man fifty-one years old, and is glad that it did so. Both as preacher and pastor the Washington church has found an exceedingly satisfactory man. There are no empty pews on Sundays, nor are there languishing mid-week meetings.

Dr. James A. Gordon, the man who is doing this, was once a clerk in Wanamaker's store in Philadelphia. After some experience in Y. M. C. A. work he went into the ministry. At Toronto and later at Winnipeg he had remarkable success in the pastorate, and later was in evangelistic work for a short time. Then the call came to the important Washington field, and it was accepted and the work entered upon a few months ago. And there in our national capital the indications now are that he will do the best work of his life.

We recall he fact that one of the most successful ministries on the Pacific Coast was entered upon after the man who achieved it was more than fifty years of age. It was that of Dr. Lindsley in the First Presbyerian Church of Portland—the man who next to Dr. George A. Atkinson left the widest and deepest impress for good on the Pacific Northwest.

We are not surprised that the First Congregational Church of Washington should select as pastor a man who had passed life's meridian. Largely the men who go up to Washington as the representatives in various ways of the states are men in the more mature years of life. The worth of elderly men is accordingly seen and known and esteemed in the City of Washington perhaps as in no other city in the land, and the churches there are perhaps for this reason less apt than they are elsewhere to turn from preachers because of their many years.

There comes to mind now a striking sermon preached by Dr. Gordon while he was pastor in Winnipeg and published in 1914 in his book of sermons bearing the title "All's Love, Yet All's Law." In that sermon he told of standing when a boy of fourteen in the scantily furnished room of an earnest Christian woman when the landlord who owned the property came to demand a month's rent in advance. The head of the house was out seeking employment; the rent was paid up to that day, and the woman pled for a little time. But with the lips compressed the landlord brought his cane down with pounding emphasis on the worn and faded carpet and snarled out: "The rent, madam, the rent in advance by this time tomorrow or I will land every piece of furniture you have on the sidewalk." And with these words the man abruptly left the house. A little later the boy saw him presiding over a noon-day prayer-meeting at the Y. M. C. A., and often in after days heard him enriching his petitions with such phrases as "Dear Lord," and "Blessed Master," and as he heard Dr. Gordon says: "I said to myself, 'You are the meanest man I ever knew!' How little I knew of the world or of men or of human nature. Was he the meanest man I ever knew? I wonder!"

Then he tells of going when pastor in Toronto and pleading in tears with a rich merchant to spare a young man who in an evil hour had made away with a few hundred dollars not his own, on whom the door of the penitentiary was opening, and for whom a scratch of the merchant's pen would have secured a suspended sentence, but who steeled himself against any mercy, and as he left that man whispering "The meanest man I ever knew!" "But, was he the meanest man I ever knew?"

Again, he tells us in that sermon that he knew a man who stooped so low as to hold the foaming glass beneath the blanched face of another who was fighting against the appetite for drink and exclaim:

Drink, man, drink! Show yourself a man, and drink!

"And beneath the tempter's feet there burned the fires of an awful perdition, and behind the tempter's back there stood the form as of the evil one, and my soul uttered an exclamation: 'The meanest man I ever knew! The meanest man I ever knew!' But, I wonder, was he the meanest man I ever knew? I wonder!"

In the sermon other infamous actions are cited and similar exclamation chronicled on his part; and then finally we have this: "The meanest man I ever knew presided over a liquor trust. He organized a blighting blast as broad as a province and as wide as a state and presided over it. He traded in human souls and washed his hands in human tears. He laughed at human woe and turned a deaf ear to they prayers of the broken-hearted. Homes were crushed that he might live and childhood cursed that he might prosper. He lived in luxury and rode in splendor. His loved ones were robed in fabrics woven out of the heart-strings of the helpless. He stood well in the realm of commerce and passed in good society, as a serpent might crawl through a bed of roses. The ruin he wrought was colossal, and every evil in a growing civilization sought protection beneath the vast bulwarks of his organized brutality. The magnitude of the slaughter of character and manhood was only equaled by the scientific precision with which the work of devastation was carried on. He was rich in his material possessions and influential in his commercial position. Men honored him in public and cursed him in their hearts. The trinity of all human evil—war, famine, and pestilence—grew insignificant in his presence. He had enthroned hell on the earth and had given to misery a perpetual lease. So he stood forth as the incarnation of the mightiest and the meanest. I class him as the meanest man I ever knew. Organized meanness! Systematic meannness! Scientific meanness! Meanness reduced to a science! I wonder if he ever knew that I regarded him as the meanest man I ever knew? I wonder!"

"Thou sett'st me above Time's annoy;
I found delight, and it was pain;
Thou gavest pain, and it was joy,—
Token of unaccomplished growth,
Stern pledge of immortality."

DIVERGENT OPINION AS TO WHAT EUROPEAN NATIONS THINK OF US AND WHAT WE MAY EXPECT FROM THEM IN THE FUTURE.

James M. Beck, the New York attorney who wrote a book in 1915 in condemnation of Germany and who returned in November from a trip to Europe, said on his arrival home that the United States was in danger of having in the not distant future to face single-handed groups of nations in titanic struggles, of which the present war in Europe might be only a beginning. Mr. Beck puts it this way as to the feeling at present in Europe concerning the United States:

"One group of nations has for this country an intense feelingof hatred and resentiment. Other groups of nations feel that with humanity on the cross America contented itself, like the Roman soldiers, with parting the raiment of the cruified."

Mr. Beck declares further that this war is one that cannot be adjusted at least for a generation with mutual goodwill. "Over ravaged fields, newly made graves and desolate homes the belligerent powers are likely to gaze at each other with irreconcilable hatred for at least a half a century."

However, Mr. Jacob Schiff, an eminent New York citizen, has quite a different view. In an address last week in New York given at a meeting over which Ex-president Taft presided, Mr. Schiff without naming Mr. Beck remarked:

"I find myself entirely out of touch with the eminent speaker who, two days ago, in a public address painted in such dark colors the future of the world—who gave it as his judgment that the present terrible and destructive war is only the beginning of a series of titanic conflicts; that our country—should it now take advantage of its great position and influence to help the warring nations to come together again—will at the end of the war be hated by the Allies with a hatred no less than that now felt for us by the Central Powers. To me, I might add, it is news that the Central Powers—while for the present they may misunderstand us—hate us.

"These, in my opinion, most unwise public utterances, are representative only of an element among our fellow-citizens which would have us play a similar role in Mexico as was played by some of the nations now at war in South Africa, Alsace-Lorraine, China, Moroco, Tripoli, in Bosnia and Herzegovina, in Persia, and in other countries; the element which, as the speaker I refer to has expressed it, would be willing to have our country enter this war to aid in forcing a peace, as I have endeavored to show and as he correctly expressed it, which would only be the beginning of a long series of further titanic conflicts."

Commenting on these remarks by Jacob Schiff, a London paper, calls him "a deadly enemy of the Allies," and an "arch-intriguer on behalf of Germany." We are not surprised. We have heard several preachers here in California denounce the movement started here to try and bring the warring nations together in a consideration of terms of peace as a movement in the interests of Germany and as one to be opposed to the last ditch—even, we presume, to the practical annihilation of British and French as well as Germans; for that is what the continuance of the war much longer plainly means to most of the really thoughtful people who are not too biased to be cool-headed.

Today when the indications arq that a man not eminent as a soldier but as a civilian is likely to dominate in England and lead the Allies on to the little victory that may be theirs, there are persons who are recalling the vision Tolstoi had about two years before his death of a great war in Europe in and through which in 1916 or thereabout a man from the North would gain ascendency in Europe and would hold it until about 1925 when a Mongolian Slav would become supreme and would begin the inauguration of a reign of brotherhood.

Stranger things than that have happened in the history of the world. And men have again and again since human life began had previsions, no more wonderful than this reputed one of Tolstoy's, which stand accredited widely yet today.

In such event—a reign of brotherhood—the world can afford the awful slaughter of this war that has already come and the practical annihilation of many nations. Brotherhood would banish from the earth that which in a few decades would entail more loss and misery than the war has caused.

SOME WORDS FITLY SPOKEN.

On who signs himself "Oregonian" contributes to the editorial page of The Christian Endeavor World a few paragraphs showing what a Christian Endeavorer, one of the old-timers who has never quit, did not long ago as president of a city council:

"The council was discussing the case of a poor fisherman who for twenty years had watched his trap, his by right of discovery and long occupation, though the permit had never been granted, in the waters of the city's jurisdiction. The trap brought the man $600 a year, his living.

"But a large and prosperous fish-dealer and cold-storage proprietor had fixed covetous eyes upon the waters of his humble competitor. He was now in legal form asking for the right to occupy.

"It was very evident that certain members of the council were impressed by the petitioner's influential character and high political standing in the community. Our sympathies were all and at once with the poorly clad tender of nets, who sat helplessly by, watching his livelihood as it slipped from his fingers. For slipping it surely was. The more fluent voces were not for him, and the vote gave every promise of being against him.

"Then the president of the council spoke, not quite sixty words, but they were all the ample words of justice; and, while they dropped quietly from his lips, there was in every one a lash for the arrogant power that oppresses the weak. He said:

" 'This man asks for his living, only that, fairly won. Another comes now to take it away from him, hoping to profit where he has not paid. The issue is one of simple justice. The square deal is involved. I shall vote for the fisherman who for twenty years has watched that trap'

"The vote was seven to four—for the poor man!"

"Seven to four" was sufficient to carry, but it should have been eleven to none. It will be that in all such matters some day—and in the not far-distant future either.

TRIBUTE TO THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH BY A METHODIST BISHOP.

The Monitor, our Catholic contemporary, remarks that "it is so seldom that one hears really sensible and sympathetic words spoken of the church by those outside the fold that it is a real pleasure to find Bishop Mitchell of the Methodist Episcopal Church giving utterance to the following:

"I like the Roman Catholic Church because it stands so immovably in its allegiance to Jesus Christ as very God.

None of its leaders ever questioned the Deity of Jesus.

"I also like it because it believes in the religious training of its children, and, at great sacrifice of time and money, does it.

"I like it because it stands for the purity of the home life and the sanctity of the marriage vows. Thank God for that Church's strong and clear protest against the cheap divorce mills which disgrace our American civilization. I honor that Church for what it is doing in the building and maintenance of hospitals and asylums. I honor it for its defense of the Bible, and am almost ready to condone its futile battle against 'modernism,' for it is so tremendously in earnest to stem the tide of a godless materialism.

"I especially thank God for the stand that Church takes in this land against anarchy on one hand and an impossible socialism on the other."

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

In a recent address in New York City, Dr. Eliot, former president of Harvard University, declared: "The big labor organizations are making mistakes today which are at times greater than those of capital, and these labor organizations sometimes display more arrogance than ever capital displayed." Our judgment is that this is a truth which must be brought home to labor leaders. We have no excuse to make for capitalists in their wrong-doings, but each side needs to be more considerate of the other. We heard an address not long ago at which workingmen applauded what was said in criticism of employers and looked very glum when criticism was made of employees. There is just as apt to be a beam in the eye of the one as in the eye of the other.

In an address at the annual meeting of the Methodist Board of Foreign Missions John R. Mott stated that there were in the hospitals in Europe not less than five million men and boys stretched upon beds of pain. In the one city of Moscow he found that there are twelve hundred military hospitals, all filled to overflowing, so that in many cases it is necessary to put the beds out in the yards behind the hospitals and in the street. "At the end of my first journey in that war zone a few months after the war opened, I estimated the daily expenditure was thirty-seven million gold dollars. I asked a financial authority a few weeks ago before I left Europe after my second visit and he estimated the daily expenditure is between one hundred and ten and one hundred and fifteen million gold dollars. The twenty greatest wars of the world in the one hundred and twenty-five years preceding this war cost fourteen billion gold dollars and this war has already cost over thirty billion gold dollars."

Recently a Berkeley woman made the statement that she was giving meals to and endeavoring to secure employment for several half-starved young men who as members of the state militia had gone with their companies to the Mexican border and on their return had found their jobs as workers occupied permanently by others. One young man of her acquaintance who left a position paying $100 a month had after considerable searching secured a place at $50. In some instances employers have kept the positions for the men who went thus at the call of their country, but taking the states together, there have been so many cases similar to those herein mentioned that the militia will find greater difficulty than heretofore in securing recruits. The New York Post stated about two weeks ago that not ten percent of the employers who promised to continue the salaries of their employees who were called out had continued to do so up to that time, and that the families of many were in actual want. The Government discharged many when knowledge of such conditions came to it, but many of those thus discharged found when they reached home that there was nothing for them to do. The Chicago Chamber of Commerce took it upon itself to secure new positions for these men who went out from Illinois, but in most cities and states the returned men were left to shift for themselves. No doubt the excuse on the part of employers is that they couldn't do otherwise—that business conditions necessitated such a course. However, we have here one of many features of our social and economic systems calling for serious, able, prompt consideration.

GORDON'S CHRISTIANITY NOT THE GOVERNMENT IDEAL IN KHARTOUM.

A writer in The Christian Herald tells of "Two Ideals in Khartoum":

"When one reflects that only about twenty years ago no white man, Christian, Moslem, or Jew, could have passed a single hour in Khartoum without being killed or made a prisoner, and that today all races and religions meet under the protection of the Anglo-Egyptian Government, the change seems marvellous. Where once fire and sword played havoc and the highest ideals of life were the low ideals of dervish rule, unspeakable in its degradation of womanhood, the horrors of the slave trade, and the fanaticism of religious hatred, now we see on every hand signs of economical social and moral progress.

"We may thank God that the British and Foreign Bible Society entered the open door of Khartoum immediately after the surrender of the city. At the great fair held in Omdurman on King George's Day, 1913, this society opened a booth, and the sale of Scriptures from its depot is steadily increasing. It was my privilege to put a copy of the Bible in the library of Gordon College and in the hands of some of the Moslem professors of the school.

"The Church Missionary Society and the American United Presbyterian Mission are doing excellent medical and educational work in Khartoum and Omdurman. There is also a Roman Catholic mission and an Orthodox Coptic and a Greek church.

"Everywhere there is the contrast of these two ideals, and one longs for the day when the missionary ideal shall triumph and the British Government learn that in the Soudan also "man shall not live by bread alone," and that there is "a peace which passeth all understanding" in Jesus Christ, compared with which even a Pax Britannica is of small value.

"Gordon's prayer-mat hangs in the Cathedral; his Bible and journals rest in the museum of Gordon College; his statue faces southward toward the great unoccupied Soudan. But his Christianity is not the Government ideal. As I lingered near the statue once and again during my recent visit, the words of the gospel seemed to come from the lips of Gordon himself: "Do the rulers know indeed that this is the very Christ?"

BIBLE STUDY IN SUNDAY SCHOOLS CANNOT BE CREDITED IN HIGH SCHOOLS.

Several weeks ago an article appeared in The Pacific relating to the action of a committee of public school teachers to get a decision as to Sunday-school instruction in the Bible being credited in the high schools of the state.

The Attorney General in a recent letter to Mr. Edward Hyatt, Superintendent of Public Instruction, says:

"I have your communication of September first wherein you present the following inquiry:

"May credit be given toward graduation from a California High School for literary and historical study of the Bible when taken in Sunday Schools and under other agencies outside the high school, whether or not under teachers duly certificated by the State?

"Section 8 of Article IX of the Constitution provides that no sectarian or denominational doctrine shall be taught or instruction thereon be permitted, directly or indirectly, in any of the common schools of this state.

"Section 1750 of the Political Code provides for the preparation of the course or courses of study for every high school under the direction of the high school board and subject to the approval of the State Board of Education. The same section directs the high school board of each district to adopt textbooks for use in such high school district from a list prescribed by the State Board of Education.

"The section of the Constitution above quoted prohibits the instruction upon sectarian or denominational doctrines either directly or indirectly in any of the common schools of the state. It would seem to be the clear purpose of the section to include within this prohibition the high schools as well as the elementary schools of the state. It must be evident that acting under Section 1750 the high school board could not select the Bible as one of the textbooks for use in the high school and could not include instruction in the study of the Bible within the prescribed courses of instruction in a high school.

"Such being the case instruction in such subject could not be given indirectly through the means of outside study and credit for such outside study cannot be given to high school pupils."

THANKSGIVING IN THE MIDST OF WAR.

An Address by Reverend Robert W. Rogers.

The apparent inconsistency of a matter-of-fact gratitude, while the clouds of war are overshadowing the nations, has compelled American people to seek for the deeper motives that prompt a real spirit of thanksgiving. For we make a great mistake if we think that it is impossible for one to be grateful in the midst of calamity. The Old Testament prophet had a song for the night. And it is important that we should discern that the decendants of the Pilgrim fathers can lift their voices above calamity, striking a note of essential gratitude and hope as they look out upon the Atlantic, notwithstanding the far off sobbing of its blood stained seas.

In other words the true American has never based his Thanksgiving gratitude upon prosperity and physical security alone. Our ancestors did not inaugurate Thanksgiving day in 1621 because they had all survived the hardships of a rough sea and a bleek year of pioneer encampment; for over one-half of them had been buried at Cemetery Hill. Neither did general good health nor wealth prompt them to set apart a day for Thanksgiving; for many of those who were left were sick and most of them were in poverty. But rather their first thanksgiving day was the singing of a song in the night in the midst of their hardships, they expressed the gratitude of a self-respecting mandhood and holy womanhood liberated from tyranny, they struck a high ethical note and instituted the first Thanksgiving day because at last—at last—they could worship God according to the dictates of their conscience.

Neither was the first proclamation of a national Thanksgiving day prompted by a condition of prosperity and peace. But it was made by President Lincoln in November 1864, six months before the civil war closed. Then, too, out of the thick gloom of a fratricidal war there arose a song in the night. For if the separate states had in part observed Thanksgiving day since 1621 in recognition of God's faithful guidance of maturing freemen; if Washington had twice proclaimed a day of thanks to give the people an opportunity to express an exalted joy quickened by the thought of union of like-minded colonies; much more in 1864 did Abraham Lincoln, a glimpsing the starlight through the clouds, feel the necessity of proclaiming a wider gratitude than the American people had yet given expression to. In the midst of war—sure that the God who had guided the American people in the past would bring the issue of the conflict to a righteous conclusion—he foresaw a permanently united nation. Six months before the conclusion of the civil war he instinctively felt that the American people wanted to sing a song in the night, and proclaimed a permanent national Thanksgiving day to help the people express their gratitude for what they believed would be a permanent union of states, sheltering beneath its flag not only the descendants of freemen but also a newly emancipated race.

And so we too are overshadowed by the gloom of war, the most hideous war the world has ever experienced and we too will respond to the fifty-third presidential proclamation to offer Thanksgiving to Almighty God, with a song in the night. And we will respond to the call, not primarily because of our prosperity—although we are sensible enough to appreciate it and recognize the material basis of our national life—but because we sense through the darkness a far off divine event, toward which we are drawing nearer and nearer. To the man of vision this day should stimulate exalted thought, even though it partakes of the night; for he believes with David Starr Jordan that just as surely as feudalism was followed by nationalism, just that surely will nationalism be followed by a federation of the nations. For every American citizen the fifty-third Thanksgiving day should, therefore, be filled with the praise of prophetic thought, far more grateful than the Thanksgiving days previous to the world war, because we are beginning to hope, with reason, for a permanent world peace, rejoicing in the thought that the union which Lincoln saved may become the model for an essential fellowship of the nations.

And so, as in the past, we still believe in expressing our gratitude at the Thanksgiving table, because we recognize that man's work in planting and cultivating is insignificant and useless without God's patient labor expressing itself through sunlight, showers and soil. As in the past, man has got to "look deper than fertile fields and fragrant orchards, deeper than human agencies until he goes so far that he can feel behind all the good and worth of his life, the wide open, beneficent giving hand of a goodness who never withholds nor neglects, is never mean nor small, but with Almighty resolve sets the forces of the universe into generous activity and with utter abandon of liberality, pours the bounty of nature and the infinitudes of the cross upon the needy life of man."

And, as in the past, we will again have the table and walk out thropgh the flowers and fields, or ride over our highways, in a spirit of gratitude. For we believe that all this beauty is not the result of a promiscuous coming together of chemical forces, but that every flower is the "journey work" of the wisdom and love that shines in the stars. And, altho we may stumble upon the pessimist who can't sing even when the sun is shining its brightest—let alone having a song in the night—we will also meet the man of intersocial sympathies and exalted thought, con-

vincing us again of the fact that "deep minds are grateful minds".

And, as in former years, some will spend an hour in worship on Thanksgiving day—or the sabbath previous—in order that they will also sing the songs of faith. For unbelief has never yet written a song or a historic poem, or expressed itself in abiding eloquence. Unbelief's model hymn would be Poe's "Raven" and its sanctuary Robert Louis Stevenson's "Suicide Club". But those who are in sympathy with the spirit of Tennyson who wrote In Memoriam and of David who sang the Twenty-third psalm, will welcome the Thanksgiving service as an adequate expression of religious trust and gratitude.

These, with athletic and social features, have always constituted the program of Thanksgiving in time of peace.

But we are now in the midst of war, and if we would succeed in quickening the spirit of gratitude into a fervent life, the force of a new spirit must overcome the embarrassment of calamity and formulate the thought and activities of the day. Last year we tried hard to get above the gloom, but multitudes failed, even tho the Thanksgiving dinner was bountiful, the outing refreshing and the worship appropriate. But this year we should succeed in vitalizing the activities of the day with an exalted gratitude; for if we will but put our ear close to the ground we will discover that the American people are again getting ready to sing a song in the night. In the midst of war, there is a vision in America's skies, a vision of brotherhood, world peace and world federation modelled after the American Union. And if the man at the head of the Thanksgiving table and the man in the pulpit has this vision, the old Thanksgiving joy, keyed to a higher pitch, will return to the family circle and the community and national life.

For people who believe that Christianity has failed, Thanksgiving is dead. But for good men and women who have vision and faith enough to see that Christianity is evolving socially, a greater Thanksgiving day awaits them, one in which the expression of gratitude will be superlative in its degree. For they still believe that war is hell on earth, and hate it with a righteous indignation. And yet they are irresistibly constrained to sing before the war is concluded, because they are beginning to see what Whittier did when he said:

"Behind the clouds the starlight lurks,
Through the showers the sunbeams fall;
For God, who loveth all His works
Has left His hope with all."

EXPERIENCES OF A SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA GIRL EN ROUTE TO THE MISSIONARY FIELD IN CHINA.

II.

We dared not take time to go as far as the shrines in the cave, but turned and enjoyed the whole distance back to Katase over again. Here we decided to hunt up a temple we had seen mentioned on our folders.

After vainly asking shop men along the little back street, we finally found a man who recognized the name of it in print and he kindly took us two blocks from his store to point it out. How glad we were that we had persevered, for here we saw a typical temple, unfrequented by many tourists, and really being used by the people for worship. We watched one mother come up the steps with a tiny baby on her back, bow toward the direction of the chanting priest, then buy a candle which she put into the baby's tiny fingers. She went to a lighted candle, leaned over while he pushed his little light onto the point all by himself. Turning towards the priest's voice, the baby folded his hands and bowed his head as he had been taught. After dropping a piece of money into the box, the went out no happier looking than when they came in.

Back to Kamakura we hurried on the next car. There we took the train which with one transfer landed us in Yokohama just at dark. On the train an ordinary Japanese next to me was reading. I looked to see the title and was surprised to read "Handbook of Carburation"! There are so many school boys and school girls in Japan. We could tell the girls by the style of skirt which they wear over their kimonos and the boys by a cap and sort of dark apron and school bag. The university students seem to have a soldiery uniform.

My riksha man back to the boat was very talkative; he asked "You American?" "Yes" I proudly answered. "Good" he exclaimed, and proceeded to point out to me the fire department, the Shinyo smoke stacks, and everything else of interest which we passed.

Merchants came on board the boat with their wares carefully disguised and at every corner a calm voice would be heard at our elbow asking if we would like to look at some beautiful pins, etc. They ask high prices and then come away down if you say you don't care for anything.

Oct. 12. We steamed out of the harbor at 9 A. M. waving goodbye to the folks who left the boat there. They really looked homesick for the Shinyo family! Many went by rail to Kobe, but they missed an exciting roll in the night, for we struck such a storm that all our books went tumbling to the floor from the desk, all portholes had to be closed to keep the rain out, and I could only keep on my couch by propping myself by one thumb. We had to strike out to sea thus losing three hours of time.

Friday the 13th. we anchored out in the harbor of Kobe in a pouring rain. We had to go ashore in launches. But the most interesting part was after the doctor's inspection, when Miss Gooden was met by her fiance and they happily started off in the rain to the scene of their ceremony! We, the Beaches and I, went ashore and were met by Miss Grace Stowe of Kobe College, who took us up to lunch at the College and there we stayed all night. What a privilege this was to sleep in Miss Searle's room, to be at the table with Miss DeForest and seven other teachers, to meet Miss Howe even for a few minutes and to be taken down to the Glory Kindergarten building. One of Miss Howe's native helpers showed us all around the building, so well arranged, and we took notes of the work. We were very sorry that our visit couldn't have been when the children were there, but we saw the girls in the training class in their study room and a good deal of the children's work.

Miss Stowe took me walking around among the shops and it surely was tantalizing to see so many things which I wanted to buy for all my friends! You'll have to see in imagination the beautiful embroidered silks, the dainty tea sets and the artistic baskets.

The next morning Miss Searle showed me thru the college buildings, the well-equipped science building, the music hall, the airy chapel, the library and the class rooms. We were especially interested in watching the girls flock out of their dormitory and go clumping around the cemented walks. At 9.00 P. M. they all left their books and came out on their front porch to gaily go thru their gymnastics before going to bed.

O, there is so much to say that I am not even giving you a glimpse of all we have enjoyed in Japan and my fingers get ahead of me and strike the wrong letters until I am ashamed to send this, but I know you will understand

that my new typewriter and I are not very well acquainted yet!

It was such a treat to meet Miss Howe. We only had a few minutes to talk but in that time she empasized the thought that children everywhere are the same. She wished I might have a year or two of work with her to study her methods, and I surely wished so, more than she! But I'll have to do the best I can and learn by doing, I guess. Miss Howe took my rubbers by mistake in the dark so the next morning my riksha man took me around to her house and we traded on my way to the boat. The others had gone on to meet the 10:30 launch. Miss Stowe had told my man to hurry, evidently, for he flew down hills and around corners until I hardly knew whether I was in the seat or not. We went down a narrow street which was the part of the city receiving its annual house cleaning at the order of the government. All the mats and goods from the shops were dumped in the street, officers were overseeing the process and the damp odor was not enjoyable, especially when I saw the Japanese themselves holding their handkerchiefs over their noses when they went by! This was the time when I was glad my man was swift!

We arrived at the bund just in time to see the launch headed for the steamer. I thought I would have to wait an hour until the last launch before sailing, but I saw some people get onto an Oriental Hotel launch, so I enquired, "Does this go out to the Shinyo?" When I heard it, I hopped on, but I was not sure whether I should have to pay or not, and almost all of my Japanese money was gone. But all my worry was for nothing, for when we stopped at the boat's stairway, not a person appeared to be paid, so up I walked as though I had been one of the hotel guests over night. The first sign to greet our eyes was "Shinyo sails at 10:00 P. M.!

This meant a whole afternoon for sight seeing. We visited a temple, another Daibutsu only 48 feet high, and then Miss Brown (one of the girls in the Blackstone party) and I started out on the car alone to go to the falls. They were perfectly beautiful, with wonderful views down thru the trees and at the harbor and up through the trees at the great sheet of tumbling water. It was quite a climb to the upper falls and we were good and lame the next day! But the wonderful scenery was worth it.

Sunday morning we awoke to find the sun shining and our steamer out in the beautiful Inland Sea, surrounded by the charming little islands dotted with tiny fishing villages and the sea as far as we could see was full of picturesque fishing boats with patched sails. How calm and like Sunday it felt all day long even if we didn't have any service except a half hour singing in the evening! We wound around among those green embroidered little islands all day long and dreaded to go to sleep for fear we would miss some more. The sunset was a perfect picture and just at dark we came to the narrows between the two large cities of Shimonoseki and Moji. The electric display was as fine as any I have ever seen, as it extended clear up the hillside on both sides of us. The ship had to feel its way, hardly moving, while long rows of phantom sail boats majestically passed us on their way to anchor for the night, each with a green lantern swung from the mast.

Monday morning we found ourselves at anchor in the beautiful narrow harbor at Nagasaki, with sea life going on all around us, and the order "No one allowed to go off the ship if you are bound for Manila." This was in order to allow the full five days (period of cholera incubation) before reaching Manila so we could go ashore there. But we had the most interesting sight of our whole trip to watch all day long, for here they coaled the ship. Barges of coal suddenly appeared from all sides, sails were pulled down and our boat was like a magnet. These barges completely surrounded us, men rigged up steps reaching up to the coal holes all along the sides of the ship, women arrived by the sampan load and before you knew what was going on, lines were formed, reaching up the sides of the boat until to look along the side it appeared like a hillside covered with ants!

How they did work! The grass baskets were kept going so fast that you could hardly follow one along the line. Each person had a single motion to go thru, even tiny children picking up the baskets when they were thrown down from the highest steps, and tossing them back to the man with shovel. A few women worked with tiny children on their backs, and some small boys and girls played nurse girl on the stern of the different boats. This hive of energy began about seven A. M. and continued straight thru the day, with a few minutes off for rice at noon and evening, until I went to bed at ten P. M. when they were still working, but were nearly thru! We couldn't see how those women stood it. There were over 800 people working, about twenty barges unloading at the same time, the workers getting about 25 sen (12½c.) a day. We were told that they could coal a ship faster and cheaper than any machinery in the world could do it!

Some of us went to the upper deck of the ship and tossed sen pieces down to the children who had babies on their backs. You should have seen them bow their thanks! The poor babies almost tumbled head first.

BERTHA H. ALLEN.

THE LEGACY OF THE WAR.

By William C. Allen.

The Board of Trade Report issued last summer showed that during the first two years of the war food had advanced 65 per cent, clothing 55 per cent, fuel and light 40 per cent, miscellaneous items 30 per cent, while rents averaged no higher. This alone indicates that with the constantly increasing cost of living in England, as in other countries, there will be a tremendous readjustment of values to be faced at the conclusion of the war. Up to the 23 of July 1916 the indebtedness of England had increased —including the new loan issued just before—2,832,000.000 pounds, and taxation has become almost confiscatory in character. Not once whilst in England did I see a gold sovereign, as in the days of yore; one pound notes are universally used instead.

The labor and domestic service conditions will also be compelled to undergo great adjustment after hostilities have ceased. Millions of men will return to their homes; some content to enter into their old business occupations, but others compelled to new kinds of work. Millions of women will have to be turned out of employment, or will continue to take the places of the men. The munition workers wil cease to get the great wages that they have enjoyed. There has been a domestic service crisis in London; thus, the remuneration for parlor maids, etc., has been very small, but of later times these servants cannot be secured in many instances except at 50 pounds per year, in default of which they will go into munition work. The Labor Trades Congress will have many matters to consider in connection with the millions of workers they represent. This Congress recently passed a resolution adverse to the employment of 15,000 Chinese on steamships sailing in and out of England, and, while this is a very small matter, it may to some extent indicate the ramifications of the problems they have to confront. The same Congress is now

demanding a conscription of wealth. They represent great masses of the poor who have lost their only asset, their best blood, and which will suffer for many decades in diseases and in increased taxation as a result of the war. The laboring men therefore are demanding that wealth and property be conscripted to the same extent as are their bodies and the meagre fruits of their toil. All these things portend trouble.

I found a great sentiment through England in favor of leaving that country for America as soon as may be possible after the termination of the war. This feeling was not observed among the poor, but among the well to do or richer middle class people. Possibly the thought of many of these subjects of Great Britain is expressed in the remarks made to me by a Hollander. Said he, "I have just been to America, first going to Virginia, then to Chicago, then through the West, and then to Southern California. I have purchased property in California, and am now returning home to get my wife and boys. Europe is a bad place to live in; a few men may any time ferment trouble whereby I or my sons may be compelled to lose our lives or be crippled in somebody else's quarrel. Taxes are high. I want to get to the United States as soon as I can." There is, however, another side to the question. I one day was talking to a friend, a man of wealth and education, when in the midst of the conversation he pulled out his pocket book and showed me a United States Five gold piece which he carried about with him. He said to me "I would go to your country and take my family there, only I feel that I cannot desert England in the coming years when some who feel like myself must fight for the rights of conscience and for human liberty."

All these business men representing wealth and culture are meanwhile closely following the course of "preparedness" in America lest they escape from their own now fully militarized country to another land doomed to soon be no better.

The brutal treatment of conscientious objectors to military service is a terrific indictment of the spirit created by war. It too will leave behind it a legacy to the detriment of England. The writer holds in his possession too many authentic statements respecting this question to permit of any contradiction. The facts are too well known to many people in England, although by means of strict censorship of newspapers and periodicals honest enough to tell the truth, the facts have been largely supressed and knowledge of conditions kept out of America. Why should the ideals and glory of a splendid people be changed and tainted so unmercifully by indulgence in the passions of war?

The writer was so unhappy one day as to be suffering from what the old lady called "plumago," when his wife sought a drug store with the intent of purchasing that useful German remedy called aspirin. When she asked the man behind the counter for "aspirin" his bosom swelled as that of a pouter pigeon, and he impressively exclaimed, "There is no such word in the English language; we can give you something made in England just as good." One of the first hotels I was in when reaching London last spring had this sign close to the entrance to its dining room: "Germans, Austrians, Hungarians and Turks not served here." This trifling incident, along with published declarations made by Conferences or well known Englishmen may to some little extent show the feeling of bitterness which has taken hold of England. It is true that most of the people do not care to hear the truth and that some excellent English people honestly disclaim a national hatred toward Germany, but that hatred does exist and there are many evidences of it. This miserable fact, terrible to Christian thought, is probably epitomized in an article that appeared in the New York Tribune of August 8th, and which was subsequently quoted in the London Post: "Probably never have Englishmen of all classes so completely hated and loathed a foreign nation as do the British now hate and loathe the German." The post of London in commenting on the above says that "Generations must pass before the very name of German ceases to be in this country anything but a by-word of reproach and disgust. * * * The sentiment of heart felt passionate detestation for the German and all his works throbs through every fibre of our national life."

Happily for grand old England there are a few leading men who deprecate this condition. Viscount Bryce when addressing the Congregational Union decried the spirit of hate against the Germans and the unfortunate talk of a lasting trade war. He said "The precepts of Christianity coincide with those of political wisdom," adding "Let us avoid, let us repress the spirit of hatred. To indulge in revenge will be to sow seed of future wars. Nations cannot hate one another forever, and the sooner they cease to do so, the better for all."

One of the great sources of comfort to the concerned Christian when viewing the effect of war upon the life and thought of a people is to see how much has been done for the relief of the unfortunate millions of victims of war. I was particularly interested in the work of the War Victims Relief Committee of London Yearly Meeting of the Society of Friends. They have had large corps of men and women operating in Holland, France and Russia and the financial cost of the administration of the funds placed at their disposal has been less than four pence in each pound.

Many thoughtful Englishmen are wondering what the end of all this accursed business will be. "What is it all about?" they ask. "Will we regain our liberties? Are dark cells, irons, imprisonments for conscience sake not taking us back over 200 years? What will we do with our best men destroyed? Will this "War of liberation" leave us any liberties worth fighting for?"

I am happy to report that there was no personal discourtesy shown toward my wife and self while in England and Ireland except a slight one on the part of a not very discriminating military gentleman. This is certainly a fine thing to say when we consider the misunderstandings and prejudices, even toward neutral nations, growing out of the situation. Anyhow, it was with thankful hearts that we along with some sixty other passengers, were led like so many sheep by a soldier who was at the head of our procession, out onto the pier from which we embarked on the tender that carried us to the noble ship which conveyed us to our beloved America. There is no country in the world like my native land. Our people do not appreciate their blessings. Little do they understand how much they have to be thankful for, because they have not permitted themselves to be driven into this world-wide catacylsm.

San Jose, Cal.

NEW BOOKS.

Natonalizing America. By Edward A. Steiner. A timely, interesting, valuable book! Professor Steiner considers in his characteristic way, with frankness and sympathy, some of the problems confronting us as a nation, and indicates how we can best set our house in order to meet the crisis which the great world war is bringing. His plea is for unity, solidarity, and genuine nationalism. An immigrant of not very many years ago, and yet a thorough Amercan, loving our country as he loves none other, he gets in many thrusts here and there at some of the

things which some Americans regard with foolish pride and complacency. Divisions of the book are: The Nation's Pulse, Nationalism, The Land and the People, Language and the Nation, The Stomach Line, History and the Nation, The Schools and the Nation, The Churches and the Nation, Nationality and the Immigrant, A Word to the Unwise. Professor Steiner remarks: "There are two Americas. One in which we are living, and the other that which we hope to make. * * * Builders must be idealists; men who are not only dissatisfied with the present, but have great plans and hopes for the future." Again he says: "Great and consuming as is my love for my country, it can never make me hate the people of any other country; nor am I willing to sacrifize them to prove my willingness to sacrifize myself. I am an American, and because I am an American I wish to co-operate with the people of every other country for the good of humanity. I do not regard the boundaries of my affections fixed; and I aspire to grow in that quality in which alone infinite growth is possible—in affection for mankind." In his closing paragraph in "A Word to the Unwise," we get a new standard as to "My country right or wrong": "America, My Country! In her intercourse with other nations may she be always right! My country right or wrong! But when she is wrong I am as ready to die that she may not commit the wrong as I am ready to live and work that she may be right." **Fleming H. Revell Company, New York, $1.00 net.**

On Being Divine. By Marion Leroy Burton. In this dainty, beautiful little book of twenty-two pages appears the baccalaureate sermon given by President Burton to the Smith College class of 1916. The message is a helpful one, well-deserving the wider influence which it will have in printed form. The book is divided into sections with these captions: Be Yourself, Be an Heir of God, Be a Creator, Be a Savior. After giving a few pages to the first caption, President Burton says: "There are fatal dangers in trying to be yourself even at your best. It gives a false emphasis to life. Conceit and narrowness are almost inevitable by-products. Self is not primary. A self-centered world is not a real world. Standards lack objectivity and life is not social. One is deprived of the strength and inspiration found alone in the great objective, independent order of the world." Then the author goes on to show how being an heir of God shifts the emphasis from self to God. **Pilgrim Press, Boston, 50 cents net.**

The Science of Religion. By Daniel A. Simmons. The author of this book is judge of the circuit court of Jacksonville, Florida. He states in the preface: "Its chief purpose is to prove through a collection and co-ordination of the mass of pertinent facts discovered by physical science, and a system of reasoning based upon those facts, that the real discoveries of science and the fundamental teachings of religion are harmonious and mutually supplemental. In order to intelligently carry out this purpose it has been necessary to translate the technical language with which physical science clothes the facts discovered by it into the every-day language of every-day men and women, so that people of average education and intelligence might readily understand it. The book proclaims and describes a Universal Intelligent Force which it is hoped will at once conform to the scientists' conception of Natural Law, meet the Religionist's idea of God, and reveal the First Cause which the evolutionist has been unable to discover. It attempts to show the utter irrelevancy of the scientific axiom that two bodies cannot occupy the same space at the same time, and points out an unexplored realm in the domain of matter where may lie a great world of spiritual material abounding in life and controlled by intelligence. Then, additional evidence is brought forward tending to prove the actual existence of such a world, and its habitation by men, women and children clothed upon with the spiritual bodies the existence of which St. Paul asserts as a fact." Our examination of this book has been too cursory to make possible a fair estimate of its worth. This we do know however: It abounds with interesting, suggestive facts new to the average man and woman, which the author states in an understandable manner and which he uses in his effort to throw light on some of the mysteries of existence. For instance, after presenting an illustration in support of the idea that the life of the physical body is dependent upon the interblending of the spiritual body, the author says that if we can accept the illustration and so realize we will be able to solve a mystery which has until now refused to be solved, will be able to explain the cause of death by electrocution. "Ever since it was learned that electricity kills, science has been vainly trying to find out why and how it kills. In the body of an electrocuted man or animal no tissue is disrupted and no cell is out of place. If man is really constituted in the dual manner just illustrated, it is quite obvious that a powerful current of electricity passing through his physical body would destroy the harmony and constancy of the induced magnetic field which binds the two bodies together, thus causing them to separate and resulting in the death of the physical body. In such case the physical body would be just as sound and perfect as ever, but its vivifying spiritual body would be gone, and with it would go the mind, soul or consciousness, leaving the physical body to decay and disintegrate. The spiritual body would not be affected, because the electric current is a physical force acting only upon the induced magnetic field within the physical body." **Fleming H. Revell Company; $1.00 net.**

The Pictureland of the Heart. By William Allen Knight. A beautiful word-picture of things which make for peace and happiness! Rich in its human coloring! Tender and touching! The talk of the genial old dominie and his vivacious friend illumine some of life's mysteries and brighten the earthly pathway. The book has 30 fine illustrations. **Pilgrim Press, Boston, $1.25 net.**

OREGON SUNDAY LAW.

By misrepresentation of its nature, by combination of evil forces, with the help of an unfriendly press and of a misguided church, the general Sunday law of Oregon was repealed at the recent state election.

It is credibly reported that the rich American Tobacco Trust furnished money freely to finance the movement. The pool room interests also provided funds for the campaign by levying a tax on each pool table of the state. The Seventh Day Adventists joined hand in hand with the Tobacco Trust and the pool room people and other foes of the Christian Sabbath. These deluded observers of the Jewish Sabbath gave thousands of dollars, scattered their literature throughout the state and doubtless cast a solid vote to annul the legaal bans against Sunday billiard and pool rooms, bowling alleys and mercantile establishments. Since the closing of the saloons, there is no more corrupting institution that is open to the public than the pool room. Sunday is their best day for business and many a young man is here demoralized for life. Yet a so-called church, under the leadership of her pastors, has helped to keep wide open this snare and pitfall to our boys.

The Oregon Retail Grocers' Association rendered excellent service against the repeal of the law. They were dis-

appointed in the pastors and churches because they did not take a more active part. But the statue was not satisfactory to friend or foe. Many voted to repeal to prepare the way for the enactment of a better law. So the vote was not a true test of the sentiment of the people upon the principle of Sunday closing. It was only a ballot upon the existing inefficient law.

We find reasons for encouragement in the results of the election. With only one year of educational campaign, with only one worker in the field representing the Weekly Rest Day League and he provided with meager funds, with powerful foes well supplied with the munitions of war and with a weak law on the ballot to defend, still one-half of the counties were carried against repeal. Of the thirty-five counties, one (Union) was a tie and of the other thirty-four, seventeen voted to maintain the law. Outside of Multnomah County, the majority for repeal was only 3429 votes. With the right kind of a bill on the ballot, such an one as the League attempted to initiate, and with the hearty co-operation of all the friends of Sunday observance, the majority would swing far to the other side.

The following counties voted against repeal: Baker, Benton, Douglas, Harney, Hood River, Jackson, Jefferson, Josephine, Lake, Lane, Malheur, Morrow, Polk, Umatilla, Wallowa, Wheeler, and Yamhill. Marion, the next to the largest county in the state, lost by only 133 votes. It is a matter of satisfaction to the Weekly Rest Day League to learn that the counties where it made a thorough campaign, voted to maintain the existing law.

The Central Committee, greatly encouraged with the success of the first year of its labors, has decided upon two lines of work for the future, namely, to seek the passage of a one day of rest in seven law for all employees by action of the next Legislature and secondly, by the local option method, to obtain municipal Sunday closing ordinances in the cities and towns of the state. The League is the servant of the people and will succeed only in proportion to the co-operation it receives from the friends of Sunday observance.

G. L. TUFTS,
State Superintendent.

HIGHER CRITICISM AND AFTER.

W. W. Lovejoy.

(Substance of a paper given at Congregational Monday Club.)

Higher Criticism, or better, Historical Criticism,—the literary and historical criticism of the Bible,—what shall follow, take up its findings as a stage in the evolution and growth in the racial consciousness of the concept Biblia,—the Books? The Bible—that collection of Human Documents, themselves an integral part of the organic life of the world; both a fact and the record of it.

Higher Criticism was as inevitable as an era, a period of definite date and character, as was Science, so-called. In the childhood period of human thought, mankind had explained physical phenomenon by a kind of pseudo-supernaturalism, not wholly false, but furnishing nothing to work with for the general good and betterment of life of man in this his dwelling place. Rather, it arrested progress and condoned his sins against himself. The ravages of disease and pestilence were a visitation of God. Nothing more was to be said. Propitiation of an offended deity was in order, but self-help had no place.

So with the Book of books. Like every other monumental phenomenon in the evolution of the life of our planet, it called for investigation by many workers over long periods. To save the Bible at all it must be seen to stand out in history, clear in outline, an actual creation and product of the human soul under the tuition of the Divine Spirit. Nothing less would suffice to integrate it in the life of the world of which it was truly a part. We of the 19th century owe it to those that shall come after us to show, beyond cavil, the Bible as the most priceless possession of the race for the life of the spirit; and this to be not the judgment of superstition, of youthful immaturity and inexperience, but the deliberate, tested and final estimate of mature manhood; fortified by Science, by Art and by Literature in their highest expression. For in what collection of human records, keyed to one unvarying theme—Righteousness, is there more of art, poetic art; of romance and vision, in formal presentation, in idealism, in emotional quality? We may define Idealism as "the philosophical theory that the essential nature of the world is of a kind with human consciousness, that the truth of reality is embodied in ideas."

Pass judgment, by what comparative standards you will, of the artistry—all unconscious it may be—of the opening chapters of Genesis, of the biographies of the patriarchs; of the stories in Judges, Ruth, the Isaiahs, Hosea, the lyrics of the Davidic collection; John, Hebrews, parts of Paul's self-confessions—we fear not Time's verdict; it has already been written in part, like the Testimony of the Rocks. When all the evidence is in, human passion and prejudice will lose their hostility, for the Bible and the racial consciousness are become one and indissoluble.

Now that Higher Criticism has completed, practically, its work, so far as to establish its necessity and permanent value,—the important, inevitable question is, What next? And the answer: Appreciation of the documents by the faculty which created them, the sympathetic imagination; a vital sympathy with the writers, in their self-revelation and testimony. We speak of it sometimes, as the psychological method. It is soul answering to soul; face answering to face; experience of men of former days tested and compared with our own, and seen to be all of a piece; living and dead in a true communion and fellowship. What in Literature, anywhere or of any time, but this,—a making acquaintance with our fellows,—and finding them not alien, as the old Roman,—Nil humani, etc.—felt. It is all so vital, so real, so enduring; so independent of time and space; so a taking hold by us of that which is immortal and permanent.

This Self-awareness of the Other, or Others, we call Consciousness, the self-affirmation of the returns from my contact with others, things and persons, as mine; the all of Me not yet in possession; to be made my own, acts, virtues, aims and ideals. I am to live in the Past while living in the present; to look before and after.

In the Bible, consciousness, strangely, arrestingly, is God-consciousness. This marks off the Bible with an imprimatur all its own. There is a most naive social responsiveness throughout this collection, Godward and manward; to the cosmic life, Nature, as we speak, and to history. God's in His world, All's right with Heaven, to quote Browning upside down; and our work, and the service God needs from us, as fellow helpers, is here and now. It is a fine trait of the Old Testament, its social consciousness, its sense of the life that now is, and its comparative silence concerning the life beyond,—almost a negligible factor.

There is not time to illustrate from the Bible, with any fullness, this flavor, charm, atmosphere—call it what you will—possessed by authors and editors. Take the beautiful story of Hagar at the well Beer-lahairoi—well of Him who is alive and sees. Note the oneness of her soul's mother-passion and suffering with Abraham's: "Oh, that

Ishmael might live before Thee!" the identity of these two human sufferers with the divine regard—"I have seen the lad." The boldness, the familiarity—where do we find the like? And others, when they speak out of their experience, show the same exquisite assurance of being on easy terms of friendship with God. They "talk back"; bargain with God, Jacob, Gideon, Jepthah. "God appeared to me"; "sent me"; "was with me." "Samuel, Samuel"—the repetition of "Adam, where art thou?" "Here am I." Joshua leads the tribes across the Jordan with high hopes of conquest, because the living God was among them. This God-consciousness never forsook the nation, till He came whose work it was to humanize it to higher and larger issues.

That this "Light shining in a dark place, till the Day-dawn and Day-star arise in one" is again appearing in the world hearts consciousness is manifest to those who are able to follow the output of those who are leaders in present day thought, writing and preaching. One may meet it almost daily. It is self-consciousness transfigured on Mounts of Vision, in preacher, poet, essayist; cosmic consciousness; one individual life and experience consciously felt to be one with the life of the world. It meets us so unexpectedly, as if Mother Earth were bringing to birth, in one day, seed of heroes and martyrs sown in the deep-plowed furrows of Long Ago. She seems to say—

> "Be patient, oh, be patient!
> The seeds of mighty thought
> Must have their silent undergrowth
> And in the earth be wrought."

Browning, in 19th century fashion, not altogether unlike Isaiah's, tells of his call and commission, in that foreword to Fordello: "My stress lay on the incidents in the development of a soul; little else is worth study." His value is that he was true to his commission to the end, twin-soul of his Lyric love. And so we have again the soul of Paracelsus, and of Rabbi-ben Ezra, and they of the Parleyings; and, greatest of all, that marriage ring of his art and of his union forever with his poet-wife, the Ring and the Book. It is all of a piece with what finds us in the Bible; and, I doubt not, indispensable as any just qualification for the degree of B.Sc.—not Bachelor of Science, but, Biblion Sciens cum laude.

One more illustration of a possible many: James Elroy Flecker, poet, like Keats, like Heine, R. L. Stevenson, Jack London, and, oh, so many others, gifted with genius, must die with his work half-done, is feeling back in consciousness into the soul of a poet of "a thousand years hence," thus:

> "Since I can never see your face
> And never shake you by the hand,
> I send my soul through time and space
> To greet you. You will understand."

That stanza may stand as motto and theme of all we have been attempting, if you date it, not a thousand years hence, or eight thousand ago, but, like a "perpetual calendar," good for all time.

In a word, it is Literature with which we have to do in our use of the Bible. Great books, like so many great companions,—to borrow Whitman's phrase,—are living men: "This is not a book it is a man." We must fellowship them.

And this brings us to Art, under which we class Literature. "Art the daughter of Time." Is the Bible, in the last analysis, anything else but Literature? How much is not the product of imagination, under pressure, not of him that speaketh, nor of him that willeth only, but of the Spirit of God, which bloweth where it listeth; "Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,—and in the mind of man." The whole poem, Tintern Abbey, is pertinent. It is Poetry, "The finer breath of all knowledge" (Shelley); "poets, the only truth-tellers left to God" (Mrs. Browning); "the statement of the past and the creation of the future" (John Davidson); "The use of poetry is to give man knowledge of his **unrecognized experiences** (italics mine) or his unrealized capacities. Poetry nourishes and possesses the optimism of the race" (Arlo Bates). "Art begins when man wishes to immortalize the most vivid moment he has ever lived. Life has already, to one not an artist, become art in that moment." To appreciate a work of art is to become one with it. Quotations may serve to crystallize thought; may be excused, if numerous, on that score. One more and I am done. I like it well. It gives us true standing-ground in holding fast, without strain or anxiety to the Magna Charta of "the life of God in the soul of Man." God's Book, Man's priceless heritage through a long primo-geniture of spritual lineage. We all shall come to it in time.

"It is possible to take the view that though religion is an illusion,—that is, things to be not as they are, but as one would for certan social purposes wish them to be. Such a view must find in Religion an illusion, one the disappearance of which is not to be expected, or even desired. Relegated from the sphere of Science and of practice to the sphere of Imagination and Art it must have—so it must be held—an abiding place among the treasures of the human spirit. In this way it may be allowed to be an individual possession. Art and Imagination may be regarded as being, although no doubt socially conditioned and socially valuable, yet as pre-eminently the sphere in which a matured individuality will express itself."—C. C. J. Wells, Oxford. This is a helpful word. I doubt not in some such form of statement we will come to view the Bible,—those who really care for it and use it as the man of their counsel through life, and would hand it on.

What shall come after Higher Criticism? we ask again. Psychology, the Bible as the Varieties of Religious Experience, in which, as in a glass darkly, it may be, we behold as in Browning.

> "That one Face, far from vanish rather grows,
> Or decomposes but to recompose,
> Become my universe that feels and knows!"
> —Epilogue (notice!) to Dramatis Personae.

DO WE WISH IT?

Rev. Roy B. Guild.

Wish what? The Christian unity about which there is so much talk today. Books are written, conferences are held, sermons are preached, prayers are offered in the interest of it. We all profess we wish it. Do we?

Yes, on our own terms. We are perfectly willing to have all people become one with us in our church.

The secretaries of the Commission on Federated Movements desired an answer to the first question. For six weeks Secretaries Guild and Whitmore in a visit to twenty-five cities in ten States reaching from the Atlantic to the Pacific sought the desired information. They obtained their answers from laymen and ministers, from home missionary superintendents, from representative groups gathered in these cities.

A railroad president said: "Surely we wish to have practical Christian unity. In a town on our road they have a church for about every family. We will work with you to bring in a better state of affairs."

In one state in the Northwest, the railroads furnish transportation for the Interdenominational Comity Committee to any part of the state the members wish to go in the effort to remedy the evils of the over-churched town.

A bishop went on record as follows: "If I do not accomplish anything else, I wish to have it said that I helped in the advance toward Christian Unity." Marked progress has been made in that State already.

A secretary of the Bureau of Associated Charities made an earnest plea for the unifying of Protestant forces. "It is such a mixed up group, we have no way of securing the religious aid that is necessary for the rehabilitation of a family. Clothes and food and shelter amount to but little if the religious element is lacking."

One splendid Chirstian woman who gives many thousands of dollars annually to missionary work in the Orient, pledged the larger part of an executive secretary's salary for a coast city. "This city cannot be made Christian unless the Protestant Churches are united in work under capable leadership. We must have unity here for the sake of the missionary work in China."

One layman agreed to make a generous contribution to the salary of a city secretary, yet there was a doubt in his mind when he said: "I am willing to give this and more if you will prove to me that the Protestant ministers in this town even want to co-operate." He wished it anyway. Those ministers are giving evidence that most of them wish it also.

It was such a minister in another Pacific Coast city who listened to the story of the things done in Cleveland, Indianapolis, Cincinnati, St. Louis, Atlanta, and other cities. At the request of the chairman that different ones express their judgment concerning attempting work in the city, he said: It is inspiring to know these tasks are being performed. We must do the same thing here. I can put all of my thought into the words of the old hymn:

"This way I long have sought
And mourned because I found it not."

The hearty applause proved that others felt the same way.

When these individuals, whether laymen or ministers, faced the proposition of going to work to bring the Kingdom of Heaven to earth, they were willing to make denominational growth secondary in importance to the good of the community. If it is a matter of Denominational Propaganda or Community Welfare they choose the latter. Those who did not thus express themselves, at least did not have the affrontery to say so. And this is a hopeful sign.

There has never been a time when so many ministers and laymen were ready to enter upon a sane and constructive Christian program of co-operation under efficient leadership as now. This commission must meet this situation in a more aggressive way than has hitherto been attempted.

More interesting than the answer given by individuals was the answer given by denominational home missionary secretaries. The work of the national missionary secretaries through the Home Missions Council is bearing fruit. The state superintendents who are often condemned so bitterly know more than any others about the terrible waste due to denominational rivalry.

The majority of these men are wearied by these conditions, and long to play the game on a bigger scale. And many of them are doing it. Conferences were held with them in Minnesota, North Dakota, Montana, where the orgainzation of a State Federation was completed, Washington, Oregon, California, Utah, and Colorado. In two of these states, the home missionary superintendents, at the conference with the commission secretaries, voted to form state Home Mission Councils like the one in Colorado.

In North Dakota the Congregational and Methodist superintendents made a list of twelve towns having both churches, each receiving missionary money. By agreement, each denomination withdrew from half the fields leaving the other in charge, to the advantage of the community and of the churches. In several states these secretaries agreed that when two churches were thus adjusted, the one new church generally had more members than the two old ones and the church was more respected.

Where this co-operation of secretaries does not exist, the people are taking the matter in hand, as in Plummer, Idaho. On October 17, a mass meeting was called by the business men for a "free and frank discussion" of the advisability of re-erecting a church that had been burned. They believed the one church in good condition, if maintained by all the community, would do more good than two weak churches. Whenever the printed bill containing the call for this meeting was shown to a group of secretaries, they showed their approval.

Only those who are close to the home missionary work can realize what the active interest of these men is coming to mean.

In Colorado a superintendent visited a small town with one church. He found an ardent denominationalist holding meetings with a view to starting another church. He protested. The other paid no attention. "I will report this matter to Mr. ——, your State Superintendent." "Do you know him?" "I do, we are close friends. We are members of the Home Missions Council and this matter will be discussed there." That night at the close of the evangelistic meeting this ardent sectarian said: "On account of certain circumstances, this will be the last of these meetings." Of course there are people in this state who do not approve of such action, but the Superintendents, backed by the secretaries of the national boards, are apparently more interested in making Colorado Christian than in making the Year Book statistics large. They are taking seriously the teaching of the Savior: "He that would save his life will lose it, but he that will lose his life for my sake the same shall find it."

The clearest evidence that "We do wish Christian Unity" came from the cities. Some have been trying it out for five years as in Duluth. The President of the Inter-Church Council of this city was executive secretary of the committee that worked for a Dry Duluth. This committee secured a special election last June. The "Drys" won by a majority of 378.

The following paragraph from a letter is suggestive: "In discussing the various features of the campaign the editor of the News-Tribune said: 'It is no wonder you were successful, because you had such a fine organization long before the campaign started. Your Inter-Church Council, with its thorough organization, and broad reach, had created the sentiment which made it easy to do the work.'"

For ten years co-operation has been a reality in Los Angeles. There is a record of splendid achievements. At a luncheon of representative men, the Executive Committee was urged to secure the funds for the employment of the most capable general secretary who would be the general of the Protestant forces of that city.

In Minneapolis, St. Paul, Seattle, Spokane, Portland, San Diego, Denver, strong committees were appointed to promote the organization of city-wide federations, that executive secretaries might be employed to combine the various inter-church committees already existing, and to lead in performing outstanding community Christian tasks. San Francisco has a Federation, and most of the salary for an Executive Secretary was secured. As soon as these organizations are completed, Mr. Guild and Mr. Whitmore will return at the call of the officers to help in securing the necessary funds, and in working out the programs. There are now fourteen such executive secretaries in the cities of Cleveland, Cincinnati, Indianapolis, Chicago, New York, Atlanta, Lousville, Buffalo, St. Louis, Dayton, Erie, Toledo, Kansas City, Sacramento.

The record of accomplishments in these cities is the best evidence not only that Christian men of all churches wish to work together in the service of our one Savior, but do work together. With three to five years' experience in interdenominational team play the continued progress in the practice of Christianity is assured.

ADULTERATED FOODS AND DRUGS.

The California Bureau of Foods and Drugs finds continual violation of the laws of the state with respect to adulterations. Here are some of the adulterations discovered in August. We quote from the September report:

Beverages. The beverages were largely imitation products sold as genuine. They were made with citric or tartaric acid instead of lemon juice or orange juice, and artificially colored to imitate the natural products. In some cases exhausted lemon and orange pulp were used to make the deception more effective.

"Bread. The one sample of bread examined this month was prominently labeled, 'Butter Bread.' The label conveyed the impression that a material quantity of butter was used in this bread for flavoring, when as a matter of fact, the fatty material in the bread consisted almost entirely of cottonseed products. This sample, therefore, was clearly mislabeled.

"There are still some bakers in this state who sell the so-called milk bread which contains no milk. This practice is directly in violation of the California food law. In order that bread may be legally called milk bread, it should be made with milk instead of water. A small proportion of milk mixed with water will not be sufficient to justify the term "milk bread."

Coffee. Several of the coffee samples were adulterated with cereal and chicory without being properly declared. Some of these samples were collected from restaurants which advertised coffee when they served imitation coffee, composed of a poor grade of ground coffee mixed with cereals and chicory.

"Condiments. The condiments consisted largely of catsup, pickles, and conserva. The conserva samples were made from waste materials which were highly contaminated with bacteria. Many of the catsup samples were in good condition, while some were made from moldy tomatoes which were considerably decomposed.

"Liquors. The liquors consisted of whiskey, adulterated with water; gin, adulterated by substituting cheaper and inferior gin; and vermouth, sold as imported vermouth, when in fact it was a cheap imitation.

"Meats. The meat samples consisted chiefly of chopped meat and sausage, many of which contained preservatives and added cereal which absorbs considerable water and increases the weight. In Santa Clara several samples of frankfurters were collected which were made from old scrap meat and old shriveled frankfurters, all of which were chopped together with the colored casings included.

"Milk. The milk samples consisted of condensed whole milk and condensed skimmed milk. All of the condensed whole milk samples conformed to the standard, while the condensed skimmed milk samples, in practically every case, contained foreign material and excessive bacteria, indicating that the milk had been carelesly handled.

"Syrups. The four samples of table syrup collected, were obtained from restaurants advertising hot cakes and maple syrup. The so-called maple syrup was made from brown sugar with artificial "mapleine" flavor. The samples were therefore adulterated.

"Vinegar. The vinegar samples were all sold as cider vinegar. Several of them, however, were either made from dilute acetic acid, artificially colored, or, from highly diluted cider vinegar to which acetic acid had been added.

Tomato Conserva.

"Two samples of tomato conserva, collected in Los Angeles, were found on examination to be highly contaminated with bacteria, molds, and spores. These samples afterward accidentally found their way to a poultry yard where they were consumed by ducks. All of the ducks that ate any of these material died.

"Our investigations in several parts of the state show that tomato conserva is very frequently made from scraps of tomatoes collected from various sources and, in many instances, these scraps are decomposed and fithy. This department has condemned and destroyed several tons of such conserva and compelled the manufacturers whereever found to make their conserva from sound material or go out of business.

"Another case of poisoning from tomato condiment was reported on August 14th from Blairsden, Plumas County. The superintendent of a construction camp was made seriously ill on account of eating decomposed tomato catsup."

Imported Drugs—Made from Starch, Milk Sugar, and Tartaric Acid.

"The case of B. S. Levin, of Los Angeles, was heard before a jury in San Jose on August 23rd. Mr. Levin had sold so-called aspirin tablets, veronal tablets, and acetyl acid, to at least three druggists in San Jose. These drugs were represented as products of reliable drug manufacturers and were sold at a fairly high price. Analysis of all of these materials disclosed the fact that they were nothing more than starch, milk sugar, and tartaric acid. The attorneys for the defendant fought the case very bitterly, attempting to introduce every possible legal objection. About ten minute after the case was given to the jury, they brought in the verdict—guilty. Judge Sontheimer imposed a fine of five hundred dollars in addition to six months in the county jail, which is the maximum sentence that can be given under the California Pure Drugs Act."

FROM CUPERTINO TO LOOMIS.

After two and a half years with the Union Church of Cupertino, Rev. Clayton M. Streeter resigns to take the pastorate at Loomis.

He leaves behind a church strengthened by nearly fifty new members, a Sunday School that has been increased to 200 in its enrollment and a new Christian Endeavor Organization of forty young people, nearly all of whom are College, Normal or High School students or graduates.

After a farewell reception for the departing pastor and family, he left for Loomis to begin services on his new field December firs.t

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

Secretary Fisher goes to Arizona this week. Secretary Wikoff to Washington.

Dr. and Mrs. J. H. Williams of Redlands have gone to Honolulu for a visit of a few months. They have a son at the head of Mid-Pacific Institute.

Thirty-one new members were welcomed into the fellowship of Plymouth Church, Oakland, last Sunday, six uniting by letter and twenty-five on confession.

Commencing Sunday December the 17th the celebrated Evangelist, Herbert Booth, will conduct a series of services in the First Congregational Church of San Francisco.

Saturday of this week the First Congregational Church of Oakland will be fifty-six years old. Sunday morning Dr. Van Horn will give an historical sermon: "A Study of the Pastorate of Charles R. Brown."

The Woman's Association of First Church, San Francisco, holds a bazaar Thursday and Friday afternoon and evenings and Saturday afternoon of this week. A program of music and recitations has been arranged for Thursday and Friday evenings.

Bay Association meets Thursday of next week with Park Church, Berkeley. Persons intending to be at the Congregational Club and Association dinner at 6:30 o'clock that evening should notify by Saturday either Mr. Burr, the pastor, or Mr. Charles Bufford, Claus Spreckels building, San Francisco. Mr. Burr's address is 1811 Fairview street, Berekeley.

The Rev. Herbert A. Jump will speak at the meeting of the ministers in San Francisco next Monday on "Billy Sunday and His Boston Campaign." Mr. Jump came to Oakland recently on account of the serious illness of his mother who has been residing there for several years. Mr. Jump's Oakland address is 2142 Eight avenue. Telephone is Merritt 3019.

The Rev. Dr. Frank S. Fitch, pastor emeritus of the First Congregational Church of Buffalo, New York, began last Sunday as supply for the First Congregational Church of San Francisco, and will continue for several weeks. First Church is to be congratulated in that Dr. Fitch happened to be in California at this time and was available. His message at the meeting of the ministers last Monday was one of uplift. It was in part the address or sermon given by him on Thanksgiving Day, on "Obedience and Prosperity." While Dr. and Mrs. Fitch are enjoying California, it is evident that California is going to enjoy them.

Many of our readers will recall the impression President Vincent of the University of Minnesota made here in the lectures on the Earl Foundation, Pacific School of Religion, and will be interested in knowing that he has been called to be president of the Rockefeller Foundation. The enlarged scope of that work demands that a man of wide experience give his entire time to it. Accordingly John D. Rockefeller Jr. is to retire as president and Dr. Vincent who has been a member of the General Education Board and identified thus for several years with the philanthropies of the Foundation takes his place, and will give his time to the executive management.

The Rev. Roy H. Campbell, pastor of Calvary Congregational Church, Oakland, sent out his Christmas Greeting to his people on the first of December. The reason for sending it at this early date will be obvious as those who see it quoted here in The Pacific read it: "On this the first day of the month I send you a Christmas greeting. Because the whole month may take its color from the kindly, cheery gift-day, I send you thus early this token of my good wishes and the good will of Calvary Church. May the days ahead be full of work well done and the long evening hours know the rest and intimate fellowship of the hearthside. And may the great birthday which this month holds mean for all of us not only the giving and receiving of the symbols of friendship but a new possession of the spirit and purpose of that One who was born. I trust that Calvary Church may have a share in enriching for you this season of the year."

Practical and Pastoral Evangelium will be discussed at the meeting of the Bay Association Tuesday afternoon of next week. Revs. S. C. Patterson, R. H. Campbell and E. A. King will speak on the subject and discussion will follow. "The Best Book Recently Read" is a feature of the program. Six will be presented—by the following named persons: Mrs. E. E. Yontz, Mrs. W. W. Willard, Mrs. J. A. Cull, Revs. C. F. Clarke, C. N. Queen, A. W. Palmer. At the evening session, "Congregational Club Evening," addresses will be given by Dr. Aurelia Henry Rinehardt, and Rabbi Martin A. Meyer. The former on "New England's Gift to Present Day Literature." The latter on "A Program of Community Service". Dinner will be at 6:30, at 50 cents a plate. Inform C. M. Bufford at Claus Spreckles Building if you intend to be at the dinner; or Mr. Burr pastor of Park Church, Berkeley.

SAN BERNARDINO'S NEW CHURCH BUILDING OPENED.

San Bernardino's new Mission style church was opened last Sunday morning. The service was conducted by the pastor, Rev. H. B. Mowbray and a former pastor, Rev. E. K. Holden of Claremont. In the evening the sermon was given by Rev. Horace Porter of Riverside. The dedication will take place next February at the church's Jubilee celebration. Friends who have inspected the building pronounce it a useful plant for maintaining religion in its community. There is included a "churchly" auditorium seating two hundred and eighty, a Sunday School equipment to house the completely Graded Pilgrim Series, parlor with kitchenette, choir room, pastor's study, an out-of-door's auditorium in the patio; and what is already a favorite with the church folks—Pilgrim Hall. This provides seats for three hundred, a large stage, a moving picture machine, basket ball court, and dining room facilities to feed two hundred. Special attention has been given to lighting by indirection and semi-indirection; also to the ventilation, so the air in any room can be changed in twelve minutes. The whole building encloses an area which is set out to a Spanish Garden. The total cost will be about $30,000.

TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY AT PACIFIC GROVE.

The 25th anniversary of the founding of Mayflower Church was happily observed on the evening of November 29th. Attorney Silas W. Mack prepared and delivered the historical review of the course of the church thus far, and by stereopticon slides showed the various buildings occupied in the course of the quarter of a century. The picture taken when a fine church was going up in flames six years ago was specially impressive. The financial record of the church is unusually fine, considering that it covers

the building era of the church, when practically three churches and a parsonage have had to be provided. It shows that the church, which voted one-tenth of its income to the seven Congregational Missionary Societies in its first year of weakness, has bettered that as the years ran, so that for the twenty-five years it has given $15,000, one-sixth of all moneys raised to missionary benevolences.

Sunday, December 3rd, four members were received, two by letter and two on confession. These bring the number to exactly 600 who have ever joined Mayflower Church, 313 of them by letter and 287 on confession of faith, though there have never been quite two hundred resident members at any one time.

Dr. L. D. Rathbone gave the other address of the evening, on Congregational History and Outlook. Letters were read from former pastors, Dr. E. S. Williams, Dr. W. W. Ferrier, Rev. O. W. Lucas and Dr. George Peebles, and the former dedication hymn written by another pastor, the late Dr. I. H. Goodell, was sung. The present pastor, Dr. Burton M. Palmer, presided and led in the prayer of recommitment of the church to Jesus' program. The Pacific Grove Review, whose editor Mr. A. B. Smith is a trustee of this church, printed an anniversary number, giving Mr. Mack's valuable historic address in full. Some old friends of Mayflower may care to send for it.

For The Children.

THE STORY OF THE GLAD LITTLE RABBIT.

Once upon a time, on the edge of a deep, dark forest, there lived a sad little rabbit. His brothers called him "Doleful Dumps," for he was so very sad that he was doleful.

One day, when his brothers had gone off to nibble in that nice clover patch, the sad little rabbit hunched himself up under the big dead pine, and moped.

Suddenly, a lovely little silver-winged fairy flew toward him and lighted right on his head. The sad little rabbit sat as still as a mouse. (He was so astonished that he really couldn't do anything else!)

"You poor little bunny," said the fairy gently, "I'm so sorry for you that I'm going to tell you a wonderful, wonderful secret that will make you the gladdest little rabbit in all the world." Little Doleful Dumps only gave a cross little hunch. He was too deep down in those terrible old dumps to care about anything.

"It's a Glad Hunt game," said the fairy. "Just begin saying, 'I'm glad, I'm glad, I'm glad,' and pretty soon you'll think of something to be glad of."

So the little rabbit began, "I'm glad, I'm glad, I'm glad, I'm glad," he sighed. The reason the charm couldn't work was that he didn't use the right voice, for one thing. To make the charm work quickly, you must use a glad, brisk voice, and think very, very hard.

"Go on! go on!" urged the fairy. "It'll come. The forty-'leventh is the magic time. It always comes by then." Sure enough the forty-'leventh time the poor little rabbit got it.

"I'm glad, I'm glad, I'm glad, I'm glad I have four legs," he said at last. For he thought of his cousin, poor little lame Three-Legs, who had once been caught in a trap, and now must always limp on thre legs.

And all of a sudden, as the little rabbit said the magic words, such a lovely, warm, happy feling ran all over that little bunny, from the very tip-top of his little ears to the very tip-ends of his soft little paws! For now he was the Glad Little Rabbit.

"Oh, oh, oh!" squealed the Glad Little Rabbit happily. "I just must tell somebody else. It's too lovely to keep."

"Good!" said the fairy. "That's part of the secret. You must share it."

So off started the Glad Little Rabbit to spread the beautiful Secret of Joy.

First he went to the farmer's house and called on old Rover.

Rover was feeling very cross and growly. He had buried, a few days before, a perfectly good big bone in a hole behind the yellow rose bush. And when Farmer Smith's dog had called on Rover this morning, Rover had been shut up in the shed and couldn't get out to greet Waggles. And Waggles, waiting around, had found that hole and dug up that nice bone, and gone off with it.

"Never mind," comforted the Glad Little Rabbit, when Rover had growled out his troubles. "I'll show you how to play the loveliest game you ever heard of." Rover only sniffed and looked far away.

"It's a hunt." Rover waved his tail with a little more interest at that magic word.

"Hunting what?" he growled.

"Hunting the glad things." And the Glad Little Rabbit told all about it. So Rover began.

"I'm glad, glad, glad—" at first he couldn't think of anything but his dear lost bone, but at the twenty-fifth "glad," he thought all of a sudden of his nice home here at Farmer Brown's. "I'm glad I have such a kind master. He gives me meat every day. So it doesn't matter if I do lose a bone now and then. Besides, it wasn't such a very big bone, after all."

The Glad Little Rabbit clapped his paws in delight.

"You're doing finely," he said. "Why, I had to go clear to the forty-'leventh time. Mine was a sad case."

"I'll start right off and tell all the dogs I know," said the pleased Rover.

"That's right," agreed the Glad Little Rabbit. And he went on to the barnyard where he had a number of friends.

"Cluck! cluck!" cried old Mother Plymouth Rock angrily. "Come here at once. Why don't you mind, you dreadful chicks? Dear! what a lot of trouble chickens are!"

"But aren't you glad you have your chickens?" asked the Glad Little Rabbit, as he plumped down beside the hen.

So he taught her the magic charm. And Mrs. Plymouth Rock did even better than Rover. She was glad she had such a big family. Mrs. White Hen lost every one of her little chickens. A weasel had killed them all, she told the Glad Little Rabbit, at only the tenth "glad."

And the Glad Little Rabbit praised Mrs. Plymouth Rock for being such a fine hunter as to get her game so quickly as that. And he left Mrs. Hen as happy as could be.

"Why, Mrs. Pussy, what is the matter?" he asked the cat, who sat in the barn door.

Mrs. Pussy growled, and bristled her tail in anger. "That wretched, horrid, miserable rat!" she growled. "I've been watching that hole for two hours and have never seen even the tip of his tail."

So the Glad Little Rabbit told her about the wonderful secret. Mrs. Pussy was so mad that she couldn't find her "glad" until the thirty-eighth time. Then she owned that she was glad that she had a nice home where the people gave her rich milk and a plate of nice food three times a day, without her having to ask for it even; besides a warm, soft cushion to sleep on every night. "I'm glad I don't have to hunt rats for a living. I only do it for pastime,"

she owned at last. And she promised to teach every one of her seven kittens and her ten grandchildren this wonderful game, and to make Glad Little Kittens of them all.

And here is the best of this lovely secret. The more folks the Glad Little Rabbit taught the secret to, the gladder he grew himself. And when he went home that night there wasn't a happier little bunny in all the wide world than this same Glad Little Rabbit.—Jean Halifax in Primary Plans.

No work begun shall ever pause for death.

"Dreamers of Dreams"! We take the taunt with gladness,
Knowing that God, beyond the years you see.
Hath wrought the dreams that count with you for madness,
Into the substance of the life to be.

Perseverance is a great element of success. If you only knock long enough and loud enough at the gate you are sure to wake up somebody.—Longfellow.

I have made up my mind to take for granted the genuine heartedness of my friends, notwithstanding any temporary ambiguousness in their behavior or their tongues.—Keats.

The 92nd Psalm is a song for the Sabbath day, or any day when the hearts and minds are at rest. At such a time, the most natural and prompt feeling would find expression in the words, "It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord"; not because we bestow any benefit upon him, but because every act of adoration, every conception, however faint, of his love and power, transforms our human nature into a likeness of the divine. Then only we are able to show forth his loving kindness in the morning and his faithfulness every night. Then shall we be made glad, and triumph in the work of his hands.

You can't help the wrinkles in your face, but don't get them in your disposition.

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